Daily Independent

VOL. 17, NUMBER 30 MONESSEN, PA WEDNESDAY, JULY 17 1918 SIX CENTS THE WEEK

MONESSEN BAKERS RECEIVING A THOROUGH SHAKING UP BY THE FOOD ADMINISTRATORS

E. J. Schaller, Lieutenant of the Food Administration for Westmoreland county, accompanied by E. A. Coke, also connected with the administration work were here yesterday looking over Monessen's sources of bread supply and found a number of irregularities.

Food Administrator Barclay, for the county, in looking over the reports yesterday found several Monessen bakers flagrantly wrong and notices were served on them to the effect that unless they hereafter comply strictly with the food administration laws, they will be called to the Greensburg office for a hearing.

Last Wednesday hearings were given the Vienna Bakery of 13 Donner avenue and the National Bakery of Rostraver street, before County Administrator John Barclay, at Greensburg.

The Vienna was adjudged guilty of violating the food regulations by not using the sufficient amount of substitutes in their bread. The place is closed for 30 days, beginning Monday, July 15.

The National was charged with making incorrect reports, although the proper ingredients were used. A check for $25.00 was given by Frank Stefansky, of the National Bakery in favor of the Monessen Red Cross.

The two cases named were reported by Assistant local food administrator Frank Venneri.

A meeting of Westmoreland county bakers is to be held in the court house at Greensburg Saturday at 4 p. m., and all bakers are expected to be present, as they can learn much that will be helpful in their business during the continuance of the war.

Bakers in the Monessen district are requested to make reports to Emil Vernaccini, of the City Bakery, or Martin Fillipeck, the Wireton Bakery.

Fred Haller of Pittsburg is at the head of the bread administration proper, in the state of Pennsylvania.

CONFESSED TO OWNERSHIP OF TWO WIVES

Harry Brewer, of Washington county, plead guilty to a charge of bigamy in court Monday. It appears that he formerly resided in Beaver Falls, where he had a wife and three children. He went to Washington county and December 31, 1917, ran off to West Virginia with Frances Slonaker, a young woman from the vicinity of Florence, where they were married while the first wife was still living. A short time ago, Elizabeth Slonaker, the mother of the second wife, learned that her son-in-law had another wife living and started an investigation. When she found out the facts she had him arrested for bigamy. Brewer admitted in court that these facts were true and stated that his children were living with his people in Beaver county. He did not know what has became of his first wife whose maiden name was Ora Kirkhart.

SIGHT OF DEAD MATE CAUSES HYSTERICS

The funeral of Andy Danko, the miner who was murdered at Ellsworth last Thursday morning while on his way to work, was held at Ellsworth on Sunday. Helen Danko, the wife, who is held in the county jail in conection with the crime, was allowed to attend the funeral in custody of Washington county Detective George Marker. During the services she made quite a scene, throwing herself on the coffin and semed to be grief stricken. It is believed that she knows considerable about this murder, but just what this is will probably not be brought out until the trial.

It is known that Danko had ordered Paul Kallesar away from the Danko house because of the attentions of the latter to Mrs. Danko. Kallesar left but he returned the next day and it is understood that there was a quarrel at the Danko house between Andy Danko and Kallesar on the night of the murder. The theory has been advanced that Kallesar was determined to get rid of Danko because the latter stood in his way, and many people believe that Mrs. Danko knew of the plans of her paramour. Danko was waylaid and murdered by someone familiar with his habits, as he was on his way to work when the crime was committed. He left his home about 1 o'clock Thursday morning for the coke works, but before he had gone a hundred yards, someone struck him three times on the head from behind with a hatchet or axe. It is believed by those acquainted with the circumstances that Kallesar is the man who committed the crime.

POLITICAL JOB GOES BEGGING

Greensburg is without a postmaster. Postmaster John M. Zimmerman resigned several weeks ago. his resignation taking effect June 30, 15 days before his term expired. Justice of the Peace J. Q. Truxal was appointed acting postmaster, and he now announces that he does not want now anounces that he does not want the job John Painter. for several years assistant postmaster. is in charge.
heavy volume of work and lately was

The Greensburg office has a very given the extra duty of auditing the accounts of 101 small offices. It was at first believed there would be a big scramble for the place, but the heavy duties make the job unattractive.

TAKE NOTICE

The management of the local street car line will hereafter sell 17 tickets for $1.00 and hereby notifies their patrons that tickets are on sale at the store of Mikalarias & Berbatis, corner of Fifth street and Donner avenue, Monessen. 30-6t-fp

Woman Was Murdered by a Negro

Miss Anna M. Malin, aged 45, a retail coal dealer of 11 Chestnut St., Versailles, was murdered in her home early yesterday morning by a negro, said to have been Edward Brown, who was employed by the woman, in a dispute over money matters. The negro, folowing the crime, fled, but was arrested last night on a Pittsburg & Lake Erie train near Connellsville. The arrest was made by Deputy Sheriff Grim of Greensburg, who recognized the man from a newspaper description. Mrs. Edward Brown, a negress, wife of the man accused of the crime, is being held at the McKeesport Police Station.

Brown, according to the police, had been employed by Miss Malin for two weeks as a driver. Yesterday morning, accompanied by his wife, he went to the Malin home armed with a shot gun and demanded a settlement of the money question. Brown entered the Malin house despite the protest of other members of the family and went to Miss Malin's room. Mrs. Brown remained on the front porch. Loud words were heard from Miss Malin's room and suddenly sounds as of someone falling. Brown hurried from the house, still carrying the gun, it is said. Miss Malin was found in her room, lying on the floor, clubbed to death.

First Volunteer Is Reported Wounded

Word has been received from the War Department by Mrs. John Ralston of 666 Braddock avenue, stating that her son, Frank, had been wounded in action while on the battle front in France.

It will be remembered that Frank Ralston was the first boy to enlist from Monessen, in April 1917, and has been in France since July 4, 1917.

He had the honor of being the first boy to raise the American flag on French soil in the great war against Germany.

Soldier Is Known Here

Official notice from the war department Monday told of the death of Corporal Frederick Sherman Flick of Braddock, aged 27 years. According to the message received from Maj. Gen. Barnett, commander of the marine corps, of which Flick was a member, he met his death in action on June 12. The message was received by the boy's father, J. R. Flick, of 1014 Fourth street, Braddock, who is well known in Monessen. Deceased was a cousin of F. R. Flick of 32 Aliquippa street, and the sad news was received by the Flick family here last night.

Martins Ferry, O., July 16.—There is no shortage of chicken in this section or someone doesn't know the country's at war. Following the Bening-Peters nuptials here a wedding feast was served at which 240 springers were consumed.

SENATOR ROBBINS CONTRASTS LIFE OF SOLDIER OF SPANISH WAR WITH THAT OF PRESENT CONFLICT

During the debate on the bill providing for the payment of pensions to widows and minor children of officers and enlisted men who served in the Spanish-American war, on the 9th instant in Congress, Representative Edward Robbins of this district brought out some facts that are not generally known concerning this war.

He made the statement that judging by the number of deaths in proportion to the number of men engaged in the Spanish-American war and the duration thereof, it was the most disastrous and costly of all our military struggles. It appears there were about 443,000 soldiers and sailors engaged in the military service of the United States during that war. These were distributed as follows, 100,000 regulars, 335,000 volunteers, 8,000 sailors.

During the war with Spain and the insurrection in the Philippine Islands there were 826 battles and skirmishes. 515 men were killed in action, but over 12,000 died from disease and exposure.

This was the first war in which the American soldiers and sailors were called upon to serve in the tropics, under climate and hygienic conditions that were entirely new, with which they had no experience, and to endure which they were utterly unprepared.

Mr. Robbins stated that during this war in which he served as an officer, it was his duty to furnish transportation to the dead as well as to the living, and that one morning he directed the removal of the remains of 18 young soldiers who died the night before of fever in the hospital at Camp Thomas, Georgia, all of whom could have been saved by proper treatment.

During that war, fever of various descriptions, tropical dysentery and other diseases largely climate were the cause of the very high death rate. During the first fourteen months of the present war, from April 1917 to July, 1918, which was about the duration of the Spanish-American war, the United States has sent into military service over one million men, although not all engaged in active service on the battle front, yet the total deaths from disease and wounds only aggregate 8,635, which in contrast with the Spanish-American war fatalities, in which a very little more than one third of the number were engaged, it proves that that war was a very severe and costly struggle.

Those men were all volunteers, and it is estimated this bill will pension about 4,000 needy widows of these patriotic soldiers, who lost their lives voluntarily in the service of their country. A debt of gratitude, too long deferred and which after twenty years is about to be paid to them, by the enactment of this just Pension Law.

LUNCH CONCESSIONS GO FOR BENEFIT

The Knights of Malta have generously offered the entire lunch and refreshment privileges on the boat which will take the big picnic to Kennywood park next Saturday. The management of the picnic plans to spend a good part of the time on the river, and a large crowd is anticipated.

The concession which has been donated to the Red Cross is a valuable one and an efficient committee under the chairmanship of Mrs. Andrew J. White has been formed to take charge of the Red Cross interests on this occasion. Sandwiches, coffee, ice cream, lemonade, peanuts, pop corn and other picnic necessities will be dispensed on the boat and the profits go to the Red Cross.

SAD MESSAGE OF SONS DEATH

Rev. and Mrs. I. Jay Duke of Reed avenue, last evening received a telegram from Portage, Pa., stating that their son, Earl Duke, was killed in a mine accident yesterday afternoon.

The unfortunate boy was 20 years of age and was well known in Portage and had visited his parents once since Rev. Duke became pastor of the United Brethren church. Rev. and Mrs. Duke left today for Portage to attend the funeral services.

As we go to press word is received by the Duke family that the boy was arranging a car for loading below the chute when someone above, not knowing of his presence there, dumped a car of coal, covering the youth who was killed instantly.

Thirty Seven Nurses Sail For France

The 37 nurses of the Polish White Cross, who have been training in New York city, have sailed for France Dr. Boleslaw Lapowski is in charge of this first unit. Other divisions will follow these nurses and the various units will be distributed among the three White Cross hospitals in France. The Polish White Cross is a National organization with Mme. I J. Paderewski as president.

—Prepare now for the Malta boat excursion to Kennywood Park, Saturday. Tickets $1.00. Boat leaves Third St., Monessen at 9 a. m. 30-tf

CONTEST FOR BENEFIT OF RED CROSS

The Italian citizens of Monessen have planned a grand contest to be given for the benefit of the Red Cross beginning July 18 and prizes will be given to both ladies and gentlemen. It will cost but a penny to cast a vote that will deliver to the highest candidate a valuable gift such as a diamond, wrist watch, lavalliere, stick pin, umbrella or $5 gold piece. This is a novel way to raise money for the Red Cross and no doubt great interest will be taken in the enterprise on the part of the general public. For full information and envelopes call at 273 Schoonmaker avenue.

Mary Miles Minter in "Beauty and the Rouge.

STAR THEATRE
Admission 11c and 17c

TODAY—TAYLOR HOLMES in "Uneasy Money," seventy-five minutes of humorous entertainment. A real live comedy drama. See it.

THURSDAY—Shocking scandal in high society. See Louise Lovely in "A Rich Man's Darling." See how the millionaire's dear little sweetheart nicks his bankroll of $90,000 in joy checks.

FRIDAY—Belle Bennett in "The Little Rebel." If a pretty girl told you that she just hated you because you were from the North and she was from the south. what would you do?

Olympic Theatre

TODAY—James Morrison with Grace Valentine in "Babbling Tongues." Also "The House of Hate," featuring Antonio Moreno and Pearl White and a Keystone comedy.

THURSDAY—Wm. S. Hart in "The Return of Dan Egan," and a Mack Sennett comedy. and Animated Weekly.

FRIDAY—Holbrook Flynn in "Would You Forgive." also a Bronco Billie western drama and a Lonesome Luke comedy.

SATURDAY— "THE BAR SINISTER." The great picture you have been waiting for. A story of the black and white race that's thrilling. Also No. 14 of "The Bull's Eye." and Charlie Chaplin comedy.

Come Kodak

The call of the Kodak is loudest heard at this time of the year when picture taking becomes profitable and pleasureable. Buy a good Kodak and a supply of films to have the means for pleasure unafforded any other way.

Kirk's Drug Store
The Real Drug Stores

Head Lines

MEYERS' Clearing Sale

Men's Porus 5o cent Unberwear,	39c
Men's Porus Union Suits, 79c grade,	59c
79c and $1.00 Sport Shirts	59c
$5.00 value Silk Shirts	$3.95
$3.00 and $4.00 value Silk Shirts	$2.45
50c Boys' Hats, large sizes, Half price,	25c

ODDS AND ENDS
Men's Snit Sale
Some 25% off
Some ½ off

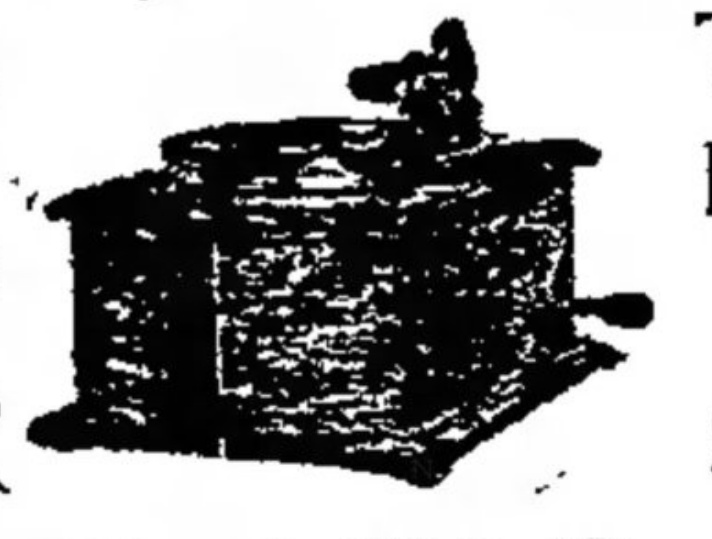
Meyers Store

The Store 100 per cent Satisfaction.

A Good Cigar

is a good companion. Our cigar department is all right. Not a cigar in our entire stock that does not come up to your requirements. Try a smoke.

Craig's Rexall Store
Drugs and Stationery
466 Donner Ave. Monessen



VICTROLA

The entertainer for all occasions. outside, on the poarch, camping, or in the home, with the kind of music they most enjoy

$27.60 FOR THIS

Victrola IV Outfit with 6 10-in. double face recoords (12 selections) your own choice.

Terms arranged if so desired.

D. Krasik
462 Donner Monessen.
Phone 201-R.

Bargains in Real Estate

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE
10 acre farm within four miles of Monessen, on improved road. Beautiful location; 2 houses on same and all kinds of other out buildings; plenty of fruit and abundance of fine water, price $7,000.00

FOR SALE
Farm of 75 acres, 7 miles from Monessen on improved road; 9 room house, large barn and other out buildings. Plenty of water. price $9,000.00

FOR SALE
One-half acre of ground and large 10 room brick house on Summit avenue, Monessen, bargain at $46.00.00.

See SHUSTER & REED.
519 Schoonmaker Ave.
Monessen, Pa.
20-tf fp

Safe Deposit Boxes

A box in our fire-proof, burglar-proof vault, absolutely insures its contents against loss.

We cordially invite inspection.

Monessen Savings and Trust Co.

Assist the Government

to mobilize the financial resources of the nation by depositing every surplus dollar in the bank.

There is no better proof of patriotic economy and thrift than a growing Savings Account. Start a bank account with us.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
MONESSEN, PA.

NOW IS THE TIME

Fewer people would be daily struggling for a mere esistence if they had acted upon their first decision to save.

The size of the first deposit is not of great importance. The big thing is the start, not tomorrow or the next day, but now.

You are cordinally invited to open an account today.

Peoples National Bank
MONESSEN, PA.

WHAT ARE GOOD CLOTHES?

All clothes are good in the advertisement and they all look good when you first see them. Of course they do; nobody would buy them if they were not good lookink.

But "good" isn't the looks of them. It isn't style only, tho styles part of it. It isn't fit only; tho fits part of it. Of course, if the clothes don't fit and stay fit, you don't have much style. "Good" isn't color or pattern, however good these look to you.

The important part of good clothes is the part you don't see. That's why we guarantee the clothes we sell; they're as good inside as they look outside.

Be on the safe side and wear them.

Midsummer Clearance Sale on Underwear, Shirts and other summer furnishings.

Frantz & Boyd
THE BIG STORE MONESSEN

DAILY INDEPENDENT

Issued every afternoon at 3 o'clock. Only daily newspaper published in Monessen, Pa.

POPULATION 20,000

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HARRY R. PORE, Editor and Owner.
GEO. C. DIEHL, General Manager.

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Communications of public interest always welcome. The Independent stands for the advancement of the interests of the community

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REPUBLICAN IN POLITICS

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READING NOTICES: Five cents per line each insertion.

Daily Independent Honor Roll

FRANK G. LANE
CITY EDITOR
Enlisted July, 1917
3rd Battalion, 110th Regiment, Hdqrs Co., now "somewhere in France"

DE ROY WOODFILL
JOB DEPARTMENT
Enlisted March, 1918
U S. Navy Now located in League Island navy yards, Philadelphia.

Responsibility of Normal School for Training Teachers for All Work

By G. W. NASH, President of Normal School, Bellingham, Wash.

What is the proper function of the state normal school? Granted that its chief work is preparation of teachers for the elementary schools, must its labors end there? Is there any good reason why an institution maintained by the state for the sole purpose of preparing teachers should regard itself subordinate to the colleges, that count teacher-training as merely incidental to their larger work, or to the departments of education that are usually despised—but tolerated—by the general faculties of the universities?

I believe that the state normal school is peculiarly commissioned by the commonwealth to prepare teachers for its schools. It is alleged that universities and colleges have looked upon the state normal school with changing sensations—first with contempt, next with interest, and finally with alarm "The normal school is becoming too popular, too important, is assuming rights and privileges sacred to the institutions higher up," declares the spokesman for college and university In the face of dust thrown up to blind the public, the state normal school must boldly take its stand for educational leadership and maintain its right to train all kinds of teachers for the common schools.

By making normal-school work severely practical and suited to the needs of the public, we may eventually bring to the institution the complete recognition to which it is entitled.

The total casualties of the American forces in France amount to over 2,000. That is beginning to bring the war home to us, but the more American homes have to take their toll of suffering, the more determined will the nation be to stamp out the curse of humanity which has brought about this unprecedented war with its unprecedented carnage and suffering.

Without growing panic-stricken at the menace of infantile paralysis, every Western community in which it appears will do well to remember how serious a scourge it proved in the East, and to begin early the enforcement of the sanitary precautions that Eastern experience recommends.

There are times when it looks very much as if some of the mechanics who tinker with the airplanes ought to be sternly interrogated. If enemy agents have managed to get into our aviation camps they ought to be discovered and slapped on the wrist.

Every time we hear somebody telling about the time he is putting in on war work at home we think of a fine American boy standing ankle-deep in the trench mud of France, facing death by shell or gas, and wonder what our safe and cozy citizen has to brag about.

Former Ambassador Gerard says the Krupps control the press of Germany. However, they do not have as firm a grip on some papers in this country as they did a year ago.

France is teaching her mutilated or armless and legless soldiers so that there will be no useless men after the war. In the United States it will not be the mutilated men, but the lazy, good for nothing, trifling vagabonds who won't work that will continue to make up our useless army.

Since the bombardment of German towns, causing panics among their inhabitants, it is said that public opinion there is growing against German air raids. Glorious victories in the killing of women and children are losing their glamour when they begin to prove boomerangs.

Easterners are spending much time that might otherwise be employed in helpful activities debating the meaning of the word "pacifist." The better way might be to lock him up for the period of the war and investigate his peculiarities afterward, provided he survives that long on bread and water.

The man behind the gun is doing his duty nobly for his country, but the man behind the hoe is not yet up to the mark. And if it is true that an army fights on its stomach, it is up to the man behind the hoe to provide the sinews of war.

And now we are being urged to eat seaweed Whatever perfection we may have attained in wrestling with spaghetti is going to come in handy.

The United States is to draft 2,000,000 Class 1 men Certainly they are first-class men, as that is the only brand of fighters this nation has.

When the war is over and the desolation it has caused is viewed in its full extent, history will stamp it with the baleful sign, "Made in Germany."

Germany thinks there are only 70,000 or 80,000 American soldiers in France Say, there are that many American newspaper men over there.

The name of General Foch, we are informed from France, is pronounced to rhyme with "Boche" But we've always wanted to know what "Boche" rhymed with.

No woman in khaki can be served a drink. Hence the female of the military species, though as thirsty as the male, must choose between patriotism and potations.

Playing 18 hills of beans this summer will be a great deal more beneficial than 18 holes of golf and, besides, you will get the beans in addition to the exercise.

German wounded are being sent to Belgium, so that the people at home won't know how many of them there are. Also it ought to be quite a treat for the Belgians.

The American consul general at Paris reports that French chemists have found a way to use seaweed as a substitute for oats. The story sounds as if it came from Berlin.

Russia threatens to make war on Japan Looking back at the war of 1904-5 and reviewing Russia's part in the present conflict, Japan may be pardoned a faint smile and the Japanese equivalent of "I should worry."

However, the people who do not pay any attention to the meatless days, wheatless days and the like are not becoming any more popular with the better class of people who do

The man who has vision will be for finishing the job while we are at it. It is the only way to save the babies of [illegible] from the slaughter that is taking the blood of our boys now.

One way to show your patriotism is to get as mad as thunder at the baker who [illegible] tries to cut the price of bread.

The calm reported to exist in London during air raids does not necessarily mean that the residents are not thinking pretty actively.

There are some people in this country who seem afraid that if they win the war they will be at a loss to know what to do with it.

THE MAN UNAFRAID.

A new word has got into general use. It is "unafraid" It has kept pretty close to the dictionary, but now it is let loose It is a fine word and has a noble meaning. It is one of the first characteristics of a noble personality. There is an admonition in Dresser's "Living by the Spirit" that expresses the unafraid idea splendidly. It is this: "Cease to fear and be anxious." There are some people who are in a state of fear lest something sad is going to happen, and they are always looking about for it, says Ohio State Journal. When you find such a person you may be sure that his religion is about lost, if indeed, he ever had any. The worst pessimist there is is not the man who proclaims his lack of faith in God, but the man who is always showing it by his acts and words. If a fear possesses him wherever he turns, and there are so many people that way, he is a poor struggling scared Christian, if he is any Christian at all. A man's religion ought to make him unafraid, and if it doesn't he may be sure he has lost his faith and his anchor is dragging through the sand. If you are a true man or woman you are unafraid.

What the European—that includes the American—seems unable to grasp is that, in the mass, Russia is of the East rather than of the West. The European kept constantly in mind the French Revolution when he should have turned his eyes toward China, where the closest parallel to the Russian situation was to be found. To the masses of the Chinese the only idea conveyed by the twin words "democracy" and "republic" was that of no government, say New York Herald. During the nearly six years in which the Chinese masses have been trying to absorb the idea of popular government China has been in a condition closely approaching chaos—saved from that, however, by the greater intelligence of the Chinese masses as compared with that of the Russian masses.

When mothers and fathers separate, the children are exposed to delinquency more than the children of homes in which the parents live together, according to the result of a survey of reformatories published in the Survey. Ernest Shideler, a sociologist, says that 50 7 per cent of delinquent boys come from broken homes. His figures point out that the mother who disciplines her boy is not merely inflicting burdensome restraints upon him that boys without mothers are lucky to escape, but is holding him in the straight path which directs him out of trouble. Inmates in reformatories all over the eastern half of the country were studied.

It is said 30 per cent shoddy will continue to be used in the army uniforms. This means that the United States soldiers will continue to look like a bunch of orphans when compared with the better dressed troops of England, France and Germany Why should our boys be the shabby-looking lot?

Few children ever learn the real glory of a porterhouse steak until they grow up and have porterhouse steaks of their own to carve for their respective families. Then they do as their fathers did and eat the best part themselves.

If you are considerate and sagacious enough not to make a mess out of your war garden, it will undoubtedly reciprocate with many a handsome mess of high-priced vegetables for you at little cost besides elbow grease and saved daylight.

Germans are reported to be in some cases clad completely in paper garments. It would be poetic justice for those garments soon to become mere scraps.

Considering the fact that the onion has no outspoken friends it is strange that it is impossible for the farmers to raise enough to supply the demand at reasonable prices.

One of the after-the-war dangers is that the women who have become so proficient in knitting will insist upon their husbands wearing the socks they have learned to make

All pastry and candy shops in Paris are to be closed. But the generous Sammies will be glad to share with the mademoiselles the sweets American misses send them!

The first concrete ship has been christened Faith. We shall watch it with hope and regard with charity whatever shortcomings the very worthy experiment may develop.

Th people advised to buy coal for next winter are not so much interested in the question of when to buy coal as where

In seeking a suitable substitute for leather soles why don't the investigators look into the piecrust formula of the June bride?

SHOE REPAIRING

Work finished while you wait. Best material used in our work. Our aim is to Please our Patrons.

Katsafaros Gdisis & Co.
423 Donner Ave.,

Republican Ticket

To be Voted on November 5, 1918

Governor
William C Sproul, Chester.
Lieutenant Governor
Edward E Beidelman, Harrisburg
Secretary of Internal Affairs
James F. Woodward, McKeesport.
Congressman-at-Large
Thomas S. Crago, Waynesburg.
Mahlon M. Garland, Pittsburgh.
Anderson N. Walters, Johnstown
W H Auron, Altoona
Congressman from 22nd District
Edward E. Robbins
Assembly
H W. Day, Monessen
B. F. Bungard, Herminie.
Grant McGeary, Vandergrift

6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief
BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

Facts With a Business Significance

The Packard Company is now producing 25 Liberty aviation engines per day.

They are turning out one ship every two days in one of the big shipyards of the submarine boat corporation.

2209 Curtiss airplanes were manufactured and delivered in 12 months, ending April 1st. 1918.

It requires 20 sheep to supply 160 pounds of wool a year for every soldier we send to the trenches.

The U.S. has entered into a contract with the Argentine Republic to manufacture 64,000,000 nickel coins for them. The coins now in circulation were made by the Krupps.

Fire losses in the U S. in 1917 aggregated $250,753,640.

Automodiles in Norway and Sweden are operating on alcohol made from waste sulphite liquor from paper pulp mills.

It has been learned recently that soap, fertilizer and lubricating oil may be obtained from dead locusts. Locusts are plentiful in Uruguay, were millions are collected each year.

Pint cans for house paints, flat paints, floor paints and enamels are to be eliminated in the interest of conservation of tin, according to the Conservation Division of the War Industries Board.

J. B. WHITE
Justice of The Peace
401 Donner Ave. Monessen, Pa.
Explosive, Dog, Automobile and Marriage Licenses
Acknowledgements

S. Monich
470 Schoonmaker Ave.
Wholesale Dealer in
Cigars, Cigarettes and Tobaccos
Best Treatment and Lowest Prices to the Trade.

We carry a large assortment of finished Granite and Marble Monuments and invite you to visit our display room and give us an opportunity to quote you prices. Having purchased a large stock before the prices advanced we are in a position to give the best price.

M. T. CROWLEY
Marble and Granite Works
328 McKean Ave. Charleroi.

Outwitted!

By GLADYS ETHEL SALTER

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union)

"That man is the most unmitigated scoundrel I have ever met!"

The speaker was himself neither moralist nor likely to shrink from any labor, no matter how villainous, where money was involved, but he evidently considered that the man who had just retired from the room overmatched him. The apartment was one of a suite occupied by the Wixon Secret Service, a private inquiry concern notorious for its record and methods Here were hired sluggers frame-up artists, all that malodorous crew who manufactured perjury evidence as a trade and for a moneyed reward undertook any mission under sheer murder It was Wixon himself who spoke, and to a subordinate

"He's a bad one and no mistake" was the response, "but he's got a thousand to spend on a whim"

"A whim? A hideous crime! I won't take his case If you want to, independent of the agency, go ahead"

"Business is business," oracularly quoted the subordinate, and went out into the next room where Bryce Walworth was awaiting him Certainly the countenance of this arch knave emphasized the statement of Wixon

"Well?' propounded Walworth

"No go with the boss He's got a wife and children As to myself, incidentally I'll take the job"

"Revenge is dear, but it's my only consolation. I will pay you in advance if you are sure you can keep Rev. Arthur Gride away from the ceremony."

"Yes, I can without doubt."

"And the substitute will pass muster as a welcome and finished adjunct of the occasion"

Bryce Walworth, the man without a soul, passed some money which the other, who was a man without a conscience, grimly pocketed The former left the den, a fiendish smile on his thin, scornful lips He had truly said that all he had to live for was revenge On whom? A happy, innocent young girl, inspired with all the radiance of perfect love He had loved Irma Dale. Now he hated her She had repelled his advances fully aware of his dissolute character Her father had all but ordered him from the house and Gerald Farnham won from him the only being on earth he craved to possess.

It was natural that Irma and Gerald should wed, for they had known one another since childhood. A year previous Gerald had asked General Dale for the hand of his daughter.

"She is too young," the father had said "Go away for a year, let us see if absence will strengthen or dissipate your mutual love Then if you are both of the same mind, there shall be a wedding"

And now Gerald had returned, his love stronger than ever, and Irma had welcomed him as the only man she had ever cared for

It was their wedding eve, two days later A disappointment ushered in the cermony. Rev. Arthur Gride, who was expected, telephoned at the last moment that he was called urgently to the bedside of a dying parishioner Another clergyman was sought for in great haste. A sedate, well-appearing guest of the town hotel, "on his way to a call in the West,' was located. He claimed to be of the same denomination as Reverend Gride. He performed the ceremony and Irma and Gerald were one.

It was at the end of a happy year that Gerald Dale was visited late one afternoon by a stranger The latter announced a secret and important mission. He claimed to be a lawyer representing a client who was now at a safe distance, who had some valuable documents to sell.

"I shall leave you copies of these" stated the visitor. "They prove that an enemy of your family, out of revenge supplanted the clergyman chosen to perform the wedding ceremony by the use of money, induced another to impersonate a clergyman and your daughter and Gerald Farnham are not legally man and wife"

General Dale directed a look of horror at his visitor His trembling hands took up the documents presented.

"You can purchase the original of those papers for fifty thousand dollars,' observed the intruder "Your daughter and her husband need never know the truth. You will hear from me by telephone within twenty-four hours," and the speaker was gone, leaving General Dale overwhelmed He buried his face in his arms outstretched across the table Thus Gerald Farnham found him glanced over the papers and touched his wife's father on the shoulder

"Asleep?" he questioned, and there was a strange thrill in his tones

"No," groaned General Dale, "crushed! Those papers—"

"I have read them," said Gerald and lightly. "Let me add a document, and he drew from his pocket a folded paper. Father, Irma and I deceived you. We were secretly married when you sent me away one year previous to the second ceremony, which we went through because of our secret. When this vampire, doubtless an emissary of Bryce Walworth, comes again, show him this, our first and valid marriage certificate"

Which General Dale did, and the miscreant slunk away like a whipped cur, to impart to Bryce Walworth the crushing intelligence that all his evil plots had failed.

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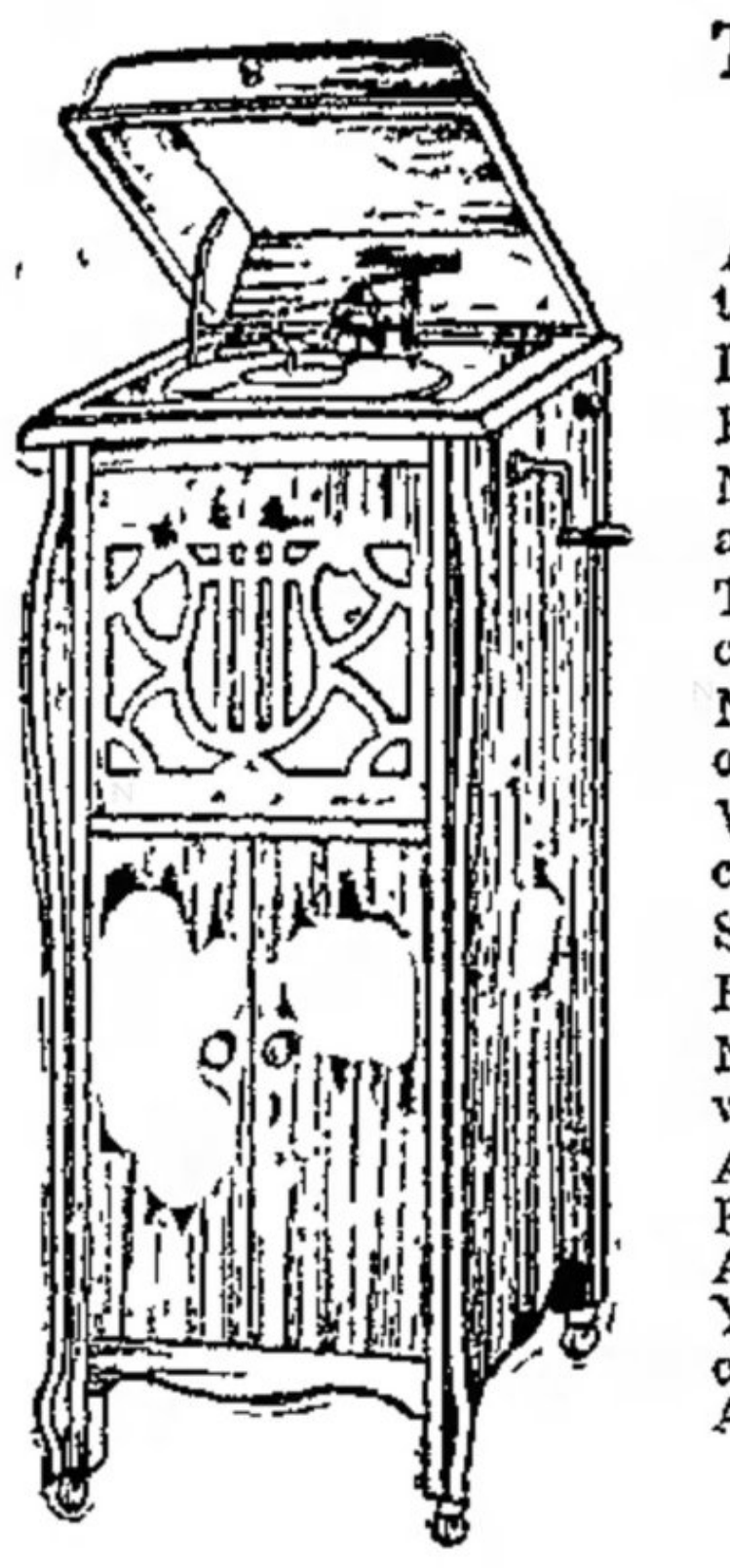

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KELLEY—CUPID

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

Kelley stood hands in pockets, looking from the window of the office building down into the street. There was the limousine belonging to his boss; presently the boss' daughter would emerge and go running up the entrance steps. In a few moments she would come into the room glancing anxiously about, as was her custom lately. Before she and her father's secretary had their "smashup," there were no anxious glances.

Miss Helen Hazen had been wont to pass confidently into the inner office as one sure of welcome. The secretary would return from escorting her to the elevator after her departure, in a blissful humor which included the entire office force, just as his gloom now pervaded it.

"Them two was bugs about each other," Kelley muttered, "an' now what the—"

His meditations were interrupted by the arrival of the young woman herself.

"How do you do, Kelly?" she remarked with exaggerated ease. "Father in today?"

The office boy regarded her in admiration.

"No, Miss Hazen," he replied, "your father has gone for the afternoon, will just stop in again before closing, goin' to a directors' meetin' after havin' his dinner down town." Kelley paused, and raised guileless Irish eyes. "Mr. Arsdale has gone too," he said.

The daughter of the boss flushed, adding unnecessarily to the rose color of her cheeks. Then with a frown between her pretty brows, she passed into the deserted office and seated herself before her father's desk. For a time she lingered, her eyes seeking wistfully a farther vacated desk.

"Kelley," she called at last, and "Kel." came.

Miss Hazen seemed to have difficulty in broaching her subject. "Mr. Arsdale is very good to you, is he not?" she asked.

"Use to be," Kelley corrected, "before he got on this grouch of his."

"Grouch?" questioned the girl, "why, Kelley, what do you mean?"

"Well, as near as I kin remember," answered the boy, "it happened after you come walkin' in here one day with that Knowlton swell. Mebbe you've forgot it, but—" Kelley paused eloquently, "he ain't."

Miss Hazen did not speak, she was drawing scraggly lines upon the pad before her.

"After all, Kelley," she said, "you may be wrong about that grouch. And," her chin tilted proudly, "one should at least explain one's lack of courtesy. Courtesy!" she repeated, "why the man has been positively uncivil."

With an abrupt laugh she bent over the desk, "and we won't talk any more about people who treat us shabbily, Kelley."

Impatiently she dashed the tears from her eyes and opened her dainty purse, finding one of her engraved cards; she turned its free side to scribble a message to her father. But its wording was difficult. She had counted upon her father's championship in rescuing her that evening from a distasteful situation. Her mother's purpose was very visible: she had taken the liberty of accepting, in her daughter's name, an invitation from Horace Knowlton.

At eight o'clock he would call to take her to the opera and without her father's intervention, refusal would be useless. She had been through it all so often; Horace, because of his wealth and station was, in her mother's eyes, all things desirable as a husband for her daughter. The girl sighed. Dad was so different, with his own wealth, there was but one thing he wished for his daughter, the old-fashioned happiness.

"I have missed you at the office," Helen wrote. "Could you stop at the house tonight before the directors' meeting?"

"Please give that to father when he returns," she directed Kelley.

It was not the president of the company who later returned, but the secretary instead.

"Any business?" he crisply inquired.

The office boy studied a bit of cardboard in his hand, then with a keen glance passed it over. "Miss Hazen left that," he said.

The secretary's face went white as he read the message.

"For me?" he asked unbelievably.

"Sure," answered Kelley. Arsdale's hand trembled as he turned the card over and read its engraved name; then a light shone in his eyes. With one stride he was at the telephone.

Shamelessly Kelley listened.

"Miss Hazen?" joyously questioned the secretary. "Well, this is Arsdale—Tom—just wanted to tell you that I am coming out to the house now. Why yes, now, if I may."

At the door the secretary looked back with his old cheerful smile.

"Good night, Kelley," he said. Then Kelley turned to the telephone.

"Miss Hazen," he called promptly, "this is Kel, an' say, your dad didn't come in and that card of yours didn't seem to be workin' so I give it to Mr. Arsdale. His grouch went in a minute, so I did happen to be right about it after all; an' say, Miss Hazen," the Irish voice fell pleadingly, "don't you go an' spoil it all now, will you—"

Over the wire came the low happy laughter. "Not for the world," said the girlish voice, "not for the world, Kelley Cupid."

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OBEDIENT TO OLD COMMAND

Palestine Farmers Still Remember Biblical Injunction in Reference to the Gleaners.

After the lentils and similar crops of the bean family have been gathered in by the Palestinian farmer, the barley harvest comes next, and lastly the wheat.

When harvesting, the men wear a leather apron and sometimes a large padded glove. The women have none of the protection provided for them, says the Christian Herald. Sickles are of two kinds, one, the kaloosh, is small and with quite a dull edge and is employed when the crops are short and scanty. These do not cut the straw, but rather help pull up the grain by the roots or break off the brittle stalks. The other, called manpal, is much larger and supplied with short, slanting teeth, and is used on the tall, well-grown grain fields.

Reaping with these simple implements and binding the sheaves with their own straw, a considerable amount is left behind and many of the ears drop off, but once the reapers have advanced, they, actuated by almost religious scruples, will not pick up that which has been dropped, even though they be severely poor themselves, for they unwittingly follow a command not given to them but to former inhabitants, the tillers and reapers of this land: "And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not make clean riddance of the corners of thy field when thou reapest, neither shalt thou gather any gleaning of thy harvest."

To Save Foolish Motorist.

The officials of the Long Island railway have begun another year's campaign to try and prevent motorists from committing suicide by driving in front of moving trains. Last year the Long Island had 100 grade-crossing gates smashed by automobile drivers. It was a favorite game to drive at high speed into these barriers, smash them and then clear the track just a few feet ahead of the oncoming train. Monday's newspapers usually carry long casualty lists resulting from foolhardy motorcar drivers, who celebrate Sunday by going to eternity instead of their intended destination. There are reckless drivers in every state and in every city of every state. Indianapolis has its share and sooner or later they will learn that the game between the automobile and the locomotive is an unequal one. The locomotive wins every time.

A Smoke Inspector.

The president of a woman suffrage organization is a mighty person. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw spoke in the assembly hall of the Claypool hotel on the opening evening of the annual convention of the Woman's Franchise League of Indiana. The room was built to hold 500 persons comfortably; but about 800 were there that evening. Mrs. Richards Edwards of Peru, president of the franchise league, thought she detected an odor of smoke. From her position on the stage she sent a message to Miss Adah Bush, of Kentland, to investigate the source.

Miss Bush left the room for a few minutes. When she returned she sent up to Mrs. Edwards the message:

"I have seen about the smoke. I have had it stopped."—Indianapolis News.

Quiet Water Supply Pump.

A nioseless water supply pump of small capacity is described in Poular Mechanics Magazine. At a distance of ten feet, it is claimed the only sound to be heard is the hum of the motor. It operates at a speed of 500 revolutions a minute and therefore can be belt driven. The pump is supplied with an air cock and is used with either open or pressure tank systems.

Belle Bennett in "The Last Rebel"
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Cello Soloist at Liberty
also lessons given by Miss Ray Jacobson.
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Here's Another good
Stores Advertise.

HER SURRENDER

BY MILDRED WHITE.

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

David noted the change in Joie when she returned from her visit to the city. Even his affectionate shortening of the formal Josephine was promptly disapproved.

"It sounds childish," complained this new Joie, "and I have been childish too long. My future will be occupied with bigger things than simple life in a village and household duties. One has to realize the importance of Lois Fuller's life in order to learn the insignificance of one's own."

"Miss Fuller has a talent all her own," David admitted. Then his sweetheart unburdened her purpose.

"So have I," she declared. "Lois discovered it long ago, when we went to art school together, but could see no opening then for my career. Now, that she has her own apartment she is going to help me. I'm to live with her, David, and have the advantage of her suggestions. But my success does not lie in the way of 'covers.' I am to do water-color studies.

David looked at the glowing, lovely face before him, and his heart sank. For years Joie had been his world, the one bright, all-compensating dream of his sacrificing life. For David's youth had been an uphill struggle to the profession which now, only, showed signs of repayment. But if his patients had not been able to reward his skill with the money it deserved, their love and gratitude had been great.

The little mother who attended to his needs smiled, one evening, as David returned joyously from the home of his beloved.

"Don't you think, dear," she murmured, "that you would be justified in asking Josephine now?" But he had postponed the asking until after the anticipated visit to the city should be over, and this was the end.

Her eyes had flashed in derision of the village, the household duties! She was leaving for studio life, independence, a career. David sighed; there was no fear of failure in the sweet freshness of her face, her voice rang confidently. "And you will come often to see me, David?" she insisted.

"I will come, Joie," he said. "You know," he went on, "you must have known that I had hoped for something very different. I love you, Joie." But the girl put out a protesting hand.

"Don't say it," she implored.

And after she had gone, the old routine grew more deadly dull. There was now no bright girlish face to greet him at evening, the panacea of his day. Her brief notes were unsatisfactory. The village surgeon went to the city.

Josephine put on her modish new hat to escort him to the "exclusive shop" where her first efforts were on view.

"They are clever," David grudgingly conceded."

"They will sell, don't you think?" questioned Joie. She seemed tensely to await his verdict.

David looked into his sweetheart's eyes; anxious tears seemed near the surface. "Undoubtedly," he agreed. Then David gave his news:

"I have offered my services to my country, Joie. Soon I shall be leaving for the front."

"David!" gasped the girl.

"You must not feel sorry for me, dear," he added gently. "Thinking for others will not leave me much time to think of you." Still with a strange, upward glance of appeal, she bade him good-by. And after that Josephine worked desperately.

Lois, the artist, was delighted with her protege's success. "Everything you left at the shop has been disposed of," she announced one day, "and they say they have orders ahead. Keep busy, girlie; fame and fortune are yours."

But for once the magic words failed to exert their spell. "Fame," considered Joie dismally; what would it mean, with David not near to see? "Success"—what joy is success, with that brave heart far across the seas? David, wounded, perhaps—the thought came to her like a shock. Joie arose. "I am going home," she announced, "for a visit."

David had written that he was leaving soon; she must stop first at his home. This new fear allowed her no other course. The little mother greeted the girl in subdued gladness.

David was in his study; she would call him.

But Joie hastened down the hall.

"Oh! let me surprise him," she said, and tapped at the study door.

"Come in," cried that dear, familiar voice, and Joie entered. Across the lamplight they stood gazing at each other.

"Wait," said the girl. "I want to tell you, I have not come back because I have failed, but because I love you, David. Because in all the world there is no success or fame or joy—apart from you."

And when, after a long and blissful time she raised her face from her lover's shoulder, a familiar object upon the wall attracted her attention—a row of odd frames was strangely familiar. Suddenly, swiftly, the girl withdrew from the embrace to examine closely. Yes, here were all her poor little paintings. So David had been the one customer—David, alone.

"I wanted to help you, dearest," he murmured. "I had to be sure you were happy."

Then slowly, and with a trembling smile, Joie came back to the waiting arms. "I am happy, David, beloved," she said.

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It's always a pleasure to play a social game in our parlors and we're always pleased to meet and welcome our friends.

THE KEYSTONE

Captain and Marie Lawrence in an American Military Musical war attraction at the Star theatre Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

WOULD KEEP LOVE IN WORLD

Pathetic Plea Made by Austrian Woman More Than Her English Sister Could Refuse.

She was a little Austrian woman and she was crossing the ocean on a great hostile liner. Most of the other women were the wives of Englishmen and they could not forget that her country was at war with their land. They ignored her, and she was left much to herself. And yet—

One morning as she was walking up and down the deck in her solitary way she passed the steamer chair of a middle-aged English woman who was knitting at a gray woolen sock, relates a writer in the Christian Herald. And suddenly she paused in her walk and held out both of her hands.

"Oh," she cried, in very good English, "will you not let me knit a few rows on that sock?"

The English woman looked up. And her face was cold and rather hard. "I think," she said, "that you would scarcely want to knit on this sock! For it is going to an English colonel—my husband!"

The little Austrian woman looked at the colonel's lady. And there were tears in her eyes. "Listen," she said in a low, shaking voice. "I, myself, have a son. He is an officer in the Austrian army. But if you knew my son I do not think you would hate him! If I knew the colonel, your husband, I do not think I would hate him either. * * *" She paused for a moment before she went on, and then—"now that the world is torn by war," she said, "we women must do what we can to keep a little love in it * * * May I, perhaps, knit a few rows on the sock?"

Silently, but with tears in her own eyes, the English woman handed over the gray wool.

Wm S Hart at the Olympic next Thursday in "The Return of Dan [illegible]"

PLACE AN AD HERE
& WATCH RESULTS.

GLASS OF SALTS CLEANS KIDNEYS

If your Back is aching or Bladder bothers, drink lots of water and eat less meat.

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore, don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salts which removes the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys will act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure: makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this, also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache.

TURN HAIR DARK WITH SAGE TEA

If Mixed with Sulphur It Darkens so Naturally Nobody can Tell.

The old-time mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur for darkening gray, streaked and faded hair is grandmother's recipe, and folks are again using it to keep their hair a good, even color, which is quite sensible, as we are living in an age when a youthful appearance is of the greatest advantage.

Nowadays, though, we don't have the troublesome task of gathering the sage and the mussy mixing at home. All drug stores sell the ready-to-use product, improved by the addition of other ingredients, called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." It is very popular because nobody can discover it has been applied. Simply moisten your comb or a soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, but what delights the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also produces that soft lustre and appearance of abundance which is so attractive. This ready-to-use preparation is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire a more youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

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SPECIAL MESSENGER SERVICE

How many times in the past few months have you found it necessary to say

"Well, now we have had those goods on the road for 10 days or more, they ought to be in any time now. You know it's awfully hard to get any through these days," etc., etc.

Five minutes later that same customer may come out of "Bill Pep's" place with the very articles you ordered, but didn't have.

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POPULATION 20,000

Entered at postoffice at Monessen, Pa., as second class matter.

HARRY R. PORE, Editor and Owner.
GEO. C. DIEHL, General Manager.

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The Independent circulates in the homes of the workingmen throughout the entire upper Monongahela valley.

REPUBLICAN IN POLITICS

DISPLAY: Twelve cents per inch first insertion; ten cents per inch each additional insertion. Rates for fixed position and space contracts made known on application.

READING NOTICES: Five cents per line each insertion.

Daily Independent Honor Roll

★ **FRANK G. LANE**
CITY EDITOR
Enlisted July, 1917
3rd Battalion, 110th Regiment, Hdqrs. Co., now "somewhere in France."

★ **DE ROY WOODFILL**
JOB DEPARTMENT
Enlisted March, 1918
U. S. Navy. Now located in League Island navy yards, Philadelphia.

Responsibility of Normal School for Training Teachers for All Work

By G. W. NASH, President of Normal School, Bellingham, Wash.

What is the proper function of the state normal school? Granted that its chief work is preparation of teachers for the elementary schools, must its labors end there? Is there any good reason why an institution maintained by the state for the sole purpose of preparing teachers should regard itself subordinate to the colleges, that count teacher-training as merely incidental to their larger work, or to the departments of education that are usually despised—but tolerated—by the general faculties of the universities?

I believe that the state normal school is peculiarly commissioned by the commonwealth to prepare teachers for its schools. It is alleged that universities and colleges have looked upon the state normal school with changing sensations—first with contempt, next with interest, and finally with alarm. "The normal school is becoming too popular, too important, is assuming rights and privileges sacred to the institutions higher up," declares the spokesman for college and university. In the face of dust thrown up to blind the public, the state normal school must boldly take its stand for educational leadership and maintain its right to train all kinds of teachers for the common schools.

By making normal-school work severely practical and suited to the needs of the public, we may eventually bring to the institution the complete recognition to which it is entitled.

The total casualties of the American forces in France amount to over 2,000. That is beginning to bring the war home to us, but the more American homes have to take their toll of suffering, the more determined will the nation be to stamp out the curse of humanity which has brought about this unprecedented war with its unprecedented carnage and suffering.

Without growing panic-stricken at the menace of infantile paralysis, every Western community in which it appears will do well to remember how serious a scourge it proved in the East, and to begin early the enforcement of the sanitary precautions that Eastern experience recommends.

There are times when it looks very much as if some of the mechanics who tinker with the airplanes ought to be sternly interrogated. If enemy agents have managed to get into our aviation camps they ought to be discovered and slapped on the wrist.

Every time we hear somebody telling about the time he is putting in on war-work at home we think of a fine American boy standing ankle-deep in the trench mud of France, facing death by shell or gas, and wonder what our safe and cozy citizen has to brag about.

Former Ambassador Gerard says the Krupps control the press of Germany. However, they do not have as firm a grip on some papers in this country as they did a year ago,

France is teaching her mutilated or armless and legless soldiers so that there will be no useless men after the war. In the United States it will not be the mutilated men, but the lazy, good-for-nothing, trifling vagabonds who won't work that will continue to make up our useless army.

Since the bombardment of German towns, causing panics among their inhabitants, it is said that public opinion there is growing against German air raids. Glorious victories in the killing of women and children are losing their glamour when they begin to prove boomerangs.

Easterners are spending much time that might otherwise be employed in helpful activities debating the meaning of the word "pacifist." The better way might be to lock him up for the period of the war and investigate his peculiarities afterward, provided he survives that long on bread and water.

The man behind the gun is doing his duty nobly for his country, but the man behind the hoe is not yet up to the mark. And if it is true that an army fights on its stomach, it is up to the man behind the hoe to provide the sinews of war.

And now we are being urged to eat seaweed. Whatever perfection we may have attained in wrestling with spaghetti is going to come in handy.

The United States is to draft 2,000,000 Class 1 men. Certainly they are first-class men, as that is the only brand of fighters this nation has.

When the war is over and the desolation it has caused is viewed in its full extent, history will stamp it with the baleful sign, "Made in Germany."

Germany thinks there are only 70,000 or 80,000 American soldiers in France. Say, there are that many American newspaper men over there.

The name of General Foch, we are informed from France, is pronounced to rhyme with "Boche." But we've always wanted to know what "Boche" rhymed with.

No woman in khaki can be served a drink. Hence the female of the military species, though as thirsty as the male, must choose between patriotism and potations.

Playing 18 hills of beans this summer will be a great deal more beneficial than 18 holes of golf, and, besides, you will get the beans in addition to the exercise.

German wounded are being sent to Belgium, so that the people at home won't know how many of them there are. Also, it ought to be quite a treat for the Belgians.

The American consul general at Paris reports that French chemists have found a way to use seaweed as a substitute for oats. The story sounds as if it came from Berlin.

Russia threatens to make war on Japan. Looking back at the war of 1904-5, and reviewing Russia's part in the present conflict, Japan may be pardoned a faint smile and the Japanese equivalent of "I should worry."

However, the people who do not pay any attention to the meatless days, wheatless days and the like are not becoming any more popular with the better class of people who do.

The man who has vision will be for finishing the job while we are at it. It is the only way to save the babies of today from the slaughter that is taking the blood of our boys now.

One way to show your patriotism is to get as mad as thunder at the baker who disloyally tries to cut the price of bread.

The calm reported to exist in London during air raids does not necessarily mean that the residents are not thinking pretty actively.

There are some people in this country who seem afraid that if they win the war they will be at a loss to know what to do with it.

THE MAN UNAFRAID.

A new word has got into general use. It is "unafraid." It has kept pretty close to the dictionary, but now it is let loose. It is a fine word and has a noble meaning. It is one of the first characteristics of a noble personality. There is an admonition if Dresser's "Living by the Spirit" that expresses the unafraid idea splendidly. It is this: "Cease to fear and be anxious." There are some people who are in a state of fear lest something sad is going to happen, and they are always looking about for it, says Ohio State Journal. When you find such a person you may be sure that his religion is about lost, if indeed, he ever had any. The worst pessimist there is is not the man who proclaims his lack of faith in God, but the man who is always showing it by his acts and words. If a fear possesses him wherever he turns, and there are so many people that way, he is a poor, struggling, scared Christian, if he is any Christian at all. A man's religion ought to make him unafraid, and if it doesn't he may be sure he has lost his faith and his anchor is dragging through the sand. If you are a true man or woman you are unafraid.

What the European—that includes the American—seems unable to grasp is that, in the mass, Russia is of the East rather than of the West. The European kept constantly in mind the French Revolution when he should have turned his eyes toward China, where the closest parallel to the Russian situation was to be found. To the masses of the Chinese the only idea conveyed by the twin words "democracy" and "republic" was that of no government, say New York Herald. During the nearly six years in which the Chinese masses have been trying to absorb the idea of popular government China has been in a condition closely approaching chaos—saved from that, however, by the greater intelligence of the Chinese masses as compared with that of the Russian masses.

When mothers and fathers separate, the children are exposed to delinquency more than the children of homes in which the parents live together, according to the result of a survey of reformatories published in the Survey. Ernest Shideler, a sociologist, says that 50.7 per cent of delinquent boys come from broken homes. His figures point out that the mother who disciplines her boy is not merely inflicting burdensome restraints upon him that boys without mothers are lucky to escape, but is holding him in the straight path which directs him out of trouble. Inmates in reformatories all over the eastern half of the country were studied.

It is said 30 per cent shoddy will continue to be used in the army uniforms. This means that the United States soldiers will continue to look like a bunch of orphans when compared with the better dressed troops of England, France and Germany. Why should our boys be the shabby-looking lot?

Few children ever learn the real glory of a porterhouse steak until they grow up and have porterhouse steaks of their own to carve for their respective families. Then they do as their fathers did and eat the best part themselves.

If you are considerate and sagacious enough not to make a mess out of your war garden, it will undoubtedly reciprocate with many a handsome mess of high-priced vegetables for you at little cost besides elbow grease and saved daylight.

Germans are reported to be in some cases clad completely in paper garments. It would be poetic justice for those garments soon to become mere scraps.

Considering the fact that the onion has no outspoken friends, it is strange that it is impossible for the farmers to raise enough to supply the demand at reasonable prices.

One of the after-the-war dangers is that the women who have become so proficient in knitting will insist upon their husbands wearing the socks they have learned to make.

All pastry and candy shops in Paris are to be closed. But the generous Sammies will be glad to share with the mademoiselles the sweets American misses send them!

The first concrete ship has been christened Faith. We shall watch it with hope and regard with charity whatever shortcomings the very worthy experiment may develop.

The people advised to buy coal for next winter are not so much interested in the question of when to buy coal as where.

In seeking a suitable substitute for leather soles why don't the investigators look into the piecrust formula of the June bride?

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To be Voted on November 5, 1918

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Lieutenant Governor
Edward E. Beidelman, Harrisburg.
Secretary of Internal Affairs
James F. Woodward, McKeesport.
Congressman-at-Large
Thomas S. Crago, Waynesburg.
Mahlon M. Garland, Pittsburgh.
Anderson N. Walters, Johnstown.
W. H. Aaron, Altoona.
Congressman from 22nd District
Edward E. Robbins.
Assembly
H. W. Day, Monessen.
B. F. Bungard, Herminie.
Grant McGeary, Vandergrift.

Facts With a Business Significance

The Packard Company is now producing 25 Liberty aviation engines per day.

They are turning out one ship every two days in one of the big shipyards of the submarine boat corporation.

2209 Curtiss airplanes were manufactured and delivered in 12 months, ending April 1st. 1918.

It requires 20 sheep to supply 160 pounds of wool a year for every soldier we send to the trenches.

The U.S. has entered into a contract with the Argentine Republic to manufacture 64,000,000 nickel coins for them. The coins now in circulation were made by the Krupps.

Fire losses in the U.S. in 1917 aggregated $250,753,640.

Automodiles in Norway and Sweden are operating on alcohol made from waste sulphite liquor from paper pulp mills.

It has been learned recently that soap, fertilizer and lubricating oil may be obtained from dead locusts. Locusts are plentiful in Uruguay. were millions are collected each year.

Pint cans for house paints, flat paints, floor paints and enamels are to be eliminated in the interest of conservation of tin, according to the Conservation Division of the War Industries Board.

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Outwitted!

By GLADYS ETHEL SALTER

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"That man is the most unmitigated scoundrel I have ever met!"

The speaker was himself neither moralist nor likely to shrink from any labor, no matter how villainous, where money was involved, but he evidently considered that the man who had just retired from the room overmatched him. The apartment was one of a suite occupied by the Wixon Secret Service, a private inquiry concern notorious for its record and methods. Here were hired sluggers, frame-up artists, all that malodorous crew who manufactured perjury evidence as a trade and for a moneyed reward undertook any mission under sheer murder. It was Wixon himself who spoke, and to a subordinate

"He's a bad one and no mistake," was the response, "but he's got a thousand to spend on a whim."

"A whim? A hideous crime! I won't take his case. If you want to, independent of the agency, go ahead."

"Business is business," oracularly quoted the subordinate, and went out into the next room, where Bryce Walworth was awaiting him. Certainly the countenance of this arch knave emphasized the statement of Wixon.

"Well?" propounded Walworth.

"No go with the boss. He's got a wife and children. As to myself, incidentally I'll take the job."

"Revenge is dear, but it's my only consolation. I will pay you in advance if you are sure you can keep Rev. Arthur Gride away from the ceremony."

"Yes, I can without doubt."

"And the substitute will pass muster as a welcome and finished adjunct of the occasion."

Bryce Walworth, the man without a soul, passed some money which the other, who was a man without a conscience, grimly pocketed. The former left the den, a fiendish smile on his thin, scornful lips. He had truly said that all he had to live for was revenge. On whom? A happy, innocent young girl, inspired with all the radiance of perfect love. He had loved Irma Dale. Now he hated her. She had repelled his advances, fully aware of his dissolute character. Her father had all but ordered him from the house, and Gerald Farnham won from him the only being on earth he craved to possess.

It was natural that Irma and Gerald should wed, for they had known one another since childhood. A year previous Gerald had asked General Dale for the hand of his daughter.

"She is too young," the father had said. "Go away for a year, let us see if absence will strengthen or dissipate your mutual love. Then, if you are both of the same mind, there shall be a wedding."

And now Gerald had returned, his love stronger than ever, and Irma had welcomed him as the only man she had ever cared for.

It was their wedding eve, two days later. A disappointment ushered in the cermony. Rev. Arthur Gride, who was expected, telephoned at the last moment that he was called urgently to the bedside of a dying parishioner. Another clergyman was sought for in great haste. A sedate, well-appearing guest of the town hotel, "on his way to a call in the West," was located. He claimed to be of the same denomination as Reverend Gride. He performed the ceremony and Irma and Gerald were one.

It was at the end of a happy year that Gerald Dale was visited late one afternoon by a stranger. The latter announced a secret and important mission. He claimed to be a lawyer representing a client who was now at a safe distance, who had some valuable documents to sell.

"I shall leave you copies of these," stated the visitor. "They prove that an enemy of your family, out of revenge, supplanted the clergyman chosen to perform the wedding ceremony by the use of money, induced another to impersonate a clergyman, and your daughter and Gerald Farnham are not legally man and wife."

General Dale directed a look of horror at his visitor. His trembling hands took up the documents presented.

"You can purchase the original of those papers for fifty thousand dollars," observed the intruder. "Your daughter and her husband need never know the truth. You will hear from me by telephone within twenty-four hours," and the speaker was gone, leaving General Dale overwhelmed. He buried his face in his arms outstretched across the table. Thus Gerald Farnham found him, glanced over the papers and touched his wife's father on the shoulder.

"Asleep?" he questioned, and there was a strange thrill in his tones.

"No," groaned General Dale, "crushed! Those papers—"

"I have read them," said Gerald, and lightly. "Let me add a document," and he drew from his pocket a folded paper. "Father, Irma and I deceived you. We were secretly married when you sent me away one year previous to the second ceremony, which we went through because of our secret. When this vampire, doubtless an emissary of Bryce Walworth, comes again, show him this, our first and valid marriage certificate."

Which General Dale did, and the miscreant slunk away like a whipped cur, to impart to Bryce Walworth the crushing intelligence that all his evil plots had failed.

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KELLEY—CUPID

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

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Kelley stood hands in pockets, looking from the window of the office building down into the street. There was the limousine belonging to his boss; presently the boss' daughter would emerge and go running up the entrance steps. In a few moments she would come into the room glancing anxiously about, as was her custom lately. Before she and her father's secretary had their "smashup," there were no anxious glances.

Miss Helen Hazen had been wont to pass confidently into the inner office as one sure of welcome. The secretary would return from escorting her to the elevator after her departure, in a blissful humor which included the entire office force, just as his gloom now pervaded it.

"Them two was bugs about each other," Kelley muttered, "an' now what the—"

His meditations were interrupted by the arrival of the young woman herself.

"How do you do, Kelly?" she remarked with exaggerated ease. "Father in today?"

The office boy regarded her in admiration.

"No, Miss Hazen," he replied, "your father has gone for the afternoon, will just stop in again before closing, goin' to a directors' meetin' after havin' his dinner down town." Kelley paused, and raised guileless Irish eyes. "Mr. Arsdale has gone too," he said.

The daughter of the boss flushed, adding unnecessarily to the rose color of her cheeks. Then with a frown between her pretty brows, she passed into the deserted office and seated herself before her father's desk. For a time she lingered, her eyes seeking wistfully a farther vacated desk.

"Kelley," she called at last, and "Kel." came.

Miss Hazen seemed to have difficulty in broaching her subject. "Mr. Arsdale is very good to you, is he not?" she asked.

"Use to be." Kelley corrected, "before he got on this grouch of his."

"Grouch?" questioned the girl, "why, Kelley, what do you mean?"

"Well, as near as I kin remember," answered the boy, "it happened after you come walkin' in here one day with that Knowlton swell. Mebbe you've forgot it, but—" Kelley paused eloquently, "he ain't."

Miss Hazen did not speak, she was drawing scraggly lines upon the pad before her.

"After all, Kelley," she said, "you may be wrong about that grouch. And," her chin tilted proudly, "one should at least explain one's lack of courtesy. Courtesy!" she repeated, "why the man has been positively uncivil."

With an abrupt laugh she bent over the desk, "and we won't talk any more about people who treat us shabbily, Kelley."

Impatiently she dashed the tears from her eyes and opened her dainty purse, finding one of her engraved cards; she turned its free side to scribble a message to her father. But its wording was difficult. She had counted upon her father's championship in rescuing her that evening from a distasteful situation. Her mother's purpose was very visible; she had taken the liberty of accepting, in her daughter's name, an invitation from Horace Knowlton.

At eight o'clock he would call to take her to the opera and without her father's intervention, refusal would be useless. She had been through it all so often; Horace, because of his wealth and station was, in her mother's eyes, all things desirable as a husband for her daughter. The girl sighed. Dad was so different, with his own wealth, there was but one thing he wished for his daughter, the old-fashioned happiness.

"I have missed you at the office," Helen wrote. "Could you stop at the house tonight before the directors' meeting?"

"Please give that to father when he returns," she directed Kelley.

It was not the president of the company who later returned, but the secretary instead.

"Any business?" he crisply inquired.

The office boy studied a bit of cardboard in his hand, then with a keen glance passed it over. "Miss Hazen left that," he said.

The secretary's face went white as he read the message.

"For me?" he asked unbelievably.

"Sure," answered Kelley. Arsdale's hand trembled as he turned the card over and read his engraved name; then a light shone in his eyes. With one stride he was at the telephone.

Shamelessly Kelley listened.

"Miss Hazen?" joyously questioned the secretary. "Well, this is Arsdale—Tom—just wanted to tell you that I am coming out to the house now. Why yes, now, if I may."

At the door the secretary looked back with his old cheerful smile.

"Good night, Kelley," he said. Then Kelley turned to the telephone.

"Miss Hazen," he called promptly, "this is Kel, an' say, your dad didn't come in and that card of yours didn't seem to be workin' so I give it to Mr. Arsdale. His grouch went in a minute, so I did happen to be right about it after all; an' say, Miss Hazen," the Irish voice fell pleadingly, "don't you go an' spoil it all now, will you—"

Over the wire came the low happy laughter. "Not for the world," called a girlish voice, "not for the world, Kelley Cupid."

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OBEDIENT TO OLD COMMAND

Palestine Farmers Still Remember Biblical Injunction in Reference to the Gleaners.

After the lentils and similar crops of the bean family have been gathered in by the Palestinian farmer, the barley harvest comes next, and lastly the wheat.

When harvesting, the men wear a leather apron and sometimes a large padded glove. The women have none of the protection provided for them, says the Christian Herald. Sickles are of two kinds, one, the kaloosh, is small and with quite a dull edge and is employed when the crops are short and scanty. These do not cut the straw, but rather help pull up the grain by the roots or break off the brittle stalks. The other, called manpal, is much larger and supplied with short, slanting teeth, and is used on the tall, well-grown grain fields.

Reaping with these simple implements and binding the sheaves with their own straw, a considerable amount is left behind and many of the ears drop off, but once the reapers have advanced, they, actuated by almost religious scruples, will not pick up that which has been dropped, even though they be severely poor themselves, for they unwittingly follow a command not given to them but to former inhabitants, the tillers and reapers of this land: "And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not make clean riddance of the corners of thy field when thou reapest, neither shalt thou gather any gleaning of thy harvest."

To Save Foolish Motorist.

The officials of the Long Island railway have begun another year's campaign to try and prevent motorists from committing suicide by driving in front of moving trains. Last year the Long Island had 109 grade-crossing gates smashed by automobile drivers. It was a favorite game to drive at high speed into these barriers, smash them and then clear the track just a few feet ahead of the oncoming train. Monday's newspapers usually carry long casualty lists resulting from foolhardy motorcar drivers, who celebrate Sunday by going to eternity instead of their intended destination. There are reckless drivers in every state and in every city of every state. Indianapolis has its share and sooner or later they will learn that the game between the automobile and the locomotive is an unequal one. The locomotive wins every time.

A Smoke Inspector.

The president of a woman suffrage organization is a mighty person. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw spoke in the assembly hall of the Claypool hotel on the opening evening of the annual convention of the Woman's Franchise League of Indiana. The room was built to hold 500 persons comfortably; but about 800 were there that evening. Mrs. Richards Edwards of Peru, president of the franchise league, thought she detected an odor of smoke. From her position on the stage she sent a message to Miss Adah Bush, of Kentland, to investigate the source.

Miss Bush left the room for a few minutes. When she returned she sent up to Mrs. Edwards the message:

"I have seen about the smoke. I have had it stopped."—Indianapolis News.

Quiet Water Supply Pump.

A nioseless water supply pump of small capacity is described in Poular Mechanics Magazine. At a distance of ten feet, it is claimed, the only sound to be heard is the hum of the motor. It operates at a speed of 500 revolutions a minute and therefore can be belt driven. The pump is supplied with an air cock and is used with either open or pressure tank systems.

Belle Bennett in "The Last Rebel" Star theatre Friday

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HER SURRENDER

BY MILDRED WHITE.

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David noted the change in Joie when she returned from her visit to the city. Even his affectionate shortening of the formal Josephine was promptly disapproved.

"It sounds childish," complained this new Joie, "and I have been childish too long. My future will be occupied with bigger things than simple life in a village and household duties. One has to realize the importance of Lois Fuller's life in order to learn the insignificance of one's own."

"Miss Fuller has a talent all her own," David admitted. Then his sweetheart unburdened her purpose.

"So have I," she declared. "Lois discovered it long ago, when we went to art school together, but could see no opening then for my career. Now, that she has her own apartment she is going to help me. I'm to live with her, David, and have the advantage of her suggestions. But my success does not lie in the way of 'covers.' I am to do water-color studies.

David looked at the glowing, lovely face before him, and his heart sank. For years Joie had been his world, the one bright, all-compensating dream of his sacrificing life. For David's youth had been an uphill struggle to the profession which now, only, showed signs of repayment. But if his patients had not been able to reward his skill with the money it deserved, their love and gratitude had been great.

The little mother who attended to his needs smiled, one evening, as David returned joyously from the home of his beloved.

"Don't you think, dear," she murmured, "that you would be justified in asking Josephine now?" But he had postponed the asking until after the anticipated visit to the city should be over, and this was the end.

Her eyes had flashed in derision of the village, the household duties! She was leaving for studio life, independence, a career. David sighed; there was no fear of failure in the sweet freshness of her face, her voice rang confidently. "And you will come often to see me, David?" she insisted.

"I will come, Joie," he said. "You know," he went on, "you must have known that I had hoped for something very different. I love you, Joie." But the girl put out a protesting hand.

"Don't say it," she implored.

And after she had gone, the old routine grew more deadly dull. There was now no bright girlish face to greet him at evening, the panacea of his day. Her brief notes were unsatisfactory. The village surgeon went to the city.

Josephine put on her modish new hat to escort him to the "exclusive shop" where her first efforts were on view.

"They are clever," David grudgingly conceded."

"They will sell, don't you think?" questioned Joie. She seemed tensely to await his verdict.

David looked into his sweetheart's eyes; anxious tears seemed near the surface. "Undoubtedly," he agreed. Then David gave his news:

"I have offered my services to my country, Joie. Soon I shall be leaving for the front."

"David!" gasped the girl.

"You must not feel sorry for me, dear," he added gently. "Thinking for others will not leave me much time to think of you." Still with a strange, upward glance of appeal, she bade him good-by. And after that Josephine worked desperately.

Lois, the artist, was delighted with her protege's success. "Everything you left at the shop has been disposed of," she announced one day, "and they say they have orders ahead. Keep busy, girlie; fame and fortune are yours."

But for once the magic words failed to exert their spell. "Fame," considered Joie dismally; what would it mean, with David not near to see? "Success"—what joy is success, with that brave heart far across the seas? David, wounded, perhaps—the thought came to her like a shock. Joie arose. "I am going home," she announced, "for a visit."

David had written that he was leaving soon; she must stop first at his home. This new fear allowed her no other course. The little mother greeted the girl in subdued gladness.

David was in his study; she would call him.

But Joie hastened down the hall.

"Oh! let me surprise him," she said, and tapped at the study door.

"Come in," cried that dear familiar voice, and Joie entered. Across the lamplight they stood gazing at each other.

"Wait," said the girl. "I want to tell you. I have not come back because I have failed, but because I love you, David. Because in all the world there is no success or fame or joy—apart from you."

And when, after a long and blissful time she raised her face from her lover's shoulder, a familiar object upon the wall attracted her attention; a row of odd frames was strangely familiar. Suddenly, swiftly, the girl withdrew from the embrace to examine closely. Yes, here were all her poor little paintings. So, David had been the one customer—David, alone.

"I wanted to help you, dearest," he murmured. "I had to be sure you were happy."

Then slowly and with a trembling smile, Joie came back to the waiting arms. "I am happy, David, beloved," she said.

Bowling and Billiards

All who enjoy these exhilarating pastimes and sports will find here the very best and most modern equipment. Best tables and most even alleys.

It's always a pleasure to play a social game in our parlors and we're always pleased to meet and welcome our friends.

THE KEYSTONE

Captain and Marie Lawrence in an American Military Musical war attraction at the Star theatre Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

WOULD KEEP LOVE IN WORLD

Pathetic Plea Made by Austrian Woman More Than Her English Sister Could Refuse.

She was a little Austrian woman and she was crossing the ocean on a great hostile liner. Most of the other women were the wives of Englishmen and they could not forget that her country was at war with their land. They ignored *her*, and she was left much to herself. And yet—

One morning as she was walking up and down the deck in her solitary way she passed the steamer chair of a middle-aged English woman who was knitting at a gray woolen sock, relates a writer in the Christian Herald. And suddenly she paused in her walk and held out both of her hands.

"Oh," she cried, in very good English, "will you not let me knit a few rows on that sock?"

The English woman looked up. And her face was cold and rather hard. "I think," she said, "that you would scarcely want to knit on this sock! For it is going to an English colonel—my husband!"

The little Austrian woman looked at the colonel's lady. And there were tears in her eyes. "Listen," she said in a low, shaking voice. "I, myself, have a son. He is an officer in the Austrian army. But if you knew my son I do not think you would hate him! If I knew the colonel, your husband, I do not think I would hate him either. * * *" She paused for a moment before she went on, and then—"now that the world is torn by war," she said, "we women must do what we can to keep a little love in it * * * May I, perhaps, knit a few rows on the sock?"

Silently, but with tears in her own eyes, the English woman handed over the gray wool.

Wm. S. Hart at the Olympic next Thursday in "The Return of Draw Egan."

PLACE AN AD HERE & WATCH RESULTS.

GLASS OF SALTS CLEANS KIDNEYS

If your Back is aching or Bladder bothers, drink lots of water and eat less meat.

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore, don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salts which removes the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys will act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this, also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache.

TURN HAIR DARK WITH SAGE TEA

If Mixed with Sulphur It Darkens so Naturally Nobody can Tell.

The old-time mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur for darkening gray, streaked and faded hair is grandmother's recipe, and folks are again using it to keep their hair a good, even color, which is quite sensible, as we are living in an age when a youthful appearance is of the greatest advantage.

Nowadays, though, we don't have the troublesome task of gathering the sage and the mussy mixing at home. All drug stores sell the ready-to-use product, improved by the addition of other ingredients, called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." It is very popular because nobody can discover it has been applied. Simply moisten your comb or a soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time, by morning the gray hair disappears, but what delights the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also produces that soft lustre and appearance of abundance which is so attractive. This ready-to-use preparation is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire a more youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

JOS. SAMUELS
SPECIAL MESSENGER SERVICE

How many times in the past few months have you found it necessary to say

"Well, now we have had those goods on the road for 10 days or more, they ought to be in any time now. You know it's awfully hard to get any through these days," etc., etc.

Five minutes later that same customer may come out of "Bill Pep's" place with the very articles you ordered, but didn't have.

Don't let them stray. Good customers are hard to get—harder to hold. More money is invested in goods—smaller margin than at any time since you entered business.

Bill Pep's goods were delivered to Jos. Samuels this morning and he received them this afternoon. What do you say? Just tell the salesman—"Send 'em by Messenger."

Pittsburgh headquarters—Union Express office, 725 Grant St. Phones: 1866 Grant—1866 Main

Monessen headquarters—Residence, 392 Donner avenue, bell phone 87-J. Kirk's drug store, corner Fourth and Donner. Mikalarias & Berbatis, Fifth and Donner.

Yes, We Do Job Work.

GOLDBERG'S

CLEARANCE SALE

of

Men's, Women's and Children's

LOW SHOES

and all

SUMMER SHOES

Reduced

25 to 40

Per Cent

See our windows for the most wonderful VALUES ever offered.

GOLDBERG'S

"Better Shoes"

517 Donner Ave. Monessen.

Desirable Houses For Sale at Bargain Prices

$3200—6 rooms with 2 lots on corner Second street.

$3700—7 rooms, nice level lot, Delaware street.

$1000—9 rooms, bath, large level lot, Summit avenue.

$5600—7 rooms, bath, reception hall, 2 rooms in basement, laundry, hot water heating system, the building very modern and conveniently arranged. You can take possession at once. 429 McKee avenue.

ASK FRANK BUMER.
28-tf 564 Donner Avenue.

SHOE SALE Extraordinary

Pick Any Low Shoe In Our Great Stock at a Genuine Price Saving

REDUCED PRICES

[illegible] Florsheim Low Shoes Now $6.85

$8.00 Florsheim Low Shoes Now $6.45

$7.00 Florsheim Low uShoes Now $5.25

$6.50 Florsheim Low Shoe Now $4.70

Our entire stock of ladies, boy's and children's low shoes included in this sale.

All Straw Hats Reduced for July Clearance

Sbrocco, Cuddy, & Co
INC.
Cor. 3rd & Schoonmaker Avenue
Monessen, Pa.

Weak, Discouraged Wife

Advised by Friends to Try Vinol—What it Did for Her

Florence, S. C.—"I was in a weak, nervous, run-down condition, took cold easily, could hardly keep around and do my work—and was all discouraged. I had taken cough syrups and tonics without benefit, until a friend asked me to try Vinol.—I gained rapidly by its use, so I am now in good health."—Mrs. Addie Wilkerson.

The reason Vinol was so successful in restoring Mrs. Wilkerson to health, is because it is a constitutional remedy, which enriches and revitalizes the blood and creates strength.—Hirsch Drug Co., Craig's drug store and druggists everywhere. 1t

Will Leave Tomorrow

Washington, Pa., July 16.—Twenty three Washington and Jefferson college men, together with Profs. O. S. Bert and J. C. McGregor of the college, will leave tomorrow morning for Plattsburg, N. Y., where they will take an eight weeks' course in military training in the Officers' Training School. Washington and Jefferson has been made a military training institution and military instruction will be in charge of Regular Army Officers. The training that the men will receive at Plattsburg will enable them to assist in the training work here, and will be credited toward a commission should they enter any officers training school in the future.

Woman is Suspected as Hun Spy

Martins Ferry, O., July 16.—Mrs. Elsie Weyrough, of Pittsburgh, a young woman apparently of foreign birth, conversing in six languages, is being held by the police here suspected of being a German spy. She accosted the night watchman of the American Sheet and Tin Plate mill and asked to be shown over the plant. She told the police she was a Greek and a dancer and that she gave Greek folk dances at the homes of her countrymen. She is being held for further investigation.

DESERTION NOTICE

My wife, Blanche J. Phillips, having left my home without just cause and of her own will, I hereby give notice that I will not be responsible for any obligations or debts she may incur in my name.

30-3tp Newton D. Phillips.

Want Column

WANTED—At once, good girl at the Sheetz hotel. 29-tf

LOST—Crochet pocketbook between Warman's store on Reed and Sixth and Jones automobile garage. Widow lady. Reward if returned to Daily Independent. 27-tf

FOR SALE—My entire household goods must be sold this month. At home evenings and Saturdays. 134 Schoonmaker avenue. L. B. Phillian. 23-12tp

FOR SALE—1917 late model Buick Light Six, good condition. 1103 Schoonmaker avenue or phone 432-W. 24-7tp

WANTED—A driver for a steady position. Star Furniture House, 543 Schoonmaker. 28-3tp

WANTED—Woman or girl for laundry work, electric washer and ironer; apply Victoria hotel. Phene 239-J. 29-tf

WANTED—Three unfurnished rooms by August 1st. Address "E," Independent. 25-3tp

TO LET—Two furnished rooms for light housekeeping, on Sixth street. Call 131-M. 28-3tp

FOR SALE—One 1918 Henderson motor cycle, good as new, at a bargain 566 Donner avenue. 29-3tp

FOR SALE—$425 five passenger touring Overland 1917 first class condition One mare 7 years old. About 800 pounds, good for any purpose, $90.00. Will demonstrate: 121 E. Schoonmaker up stairs. 28-3tp

WANTED—Good, practical, business girl to collect and demonstrate the Singer Sewing machine American Talking Machine Co., 242 Schoonmaker avenue. 29-3t

FOR SALE—5 passenger Ford car; apply 130 Schoonmaker. 30-tf

LOST—A black pocket book, July 4th near 14th street, with receipts and $10.28 in money. Finder please return to Bessie Bazer, No. 3 14th street. 1tp

WANTED—Middle aged lady as housekeeper for father and two children State wages wanted and address S. W. Laure, Monessen, Pa. 30-3t

WANTED—Two furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Address H, care Independent. References exchanged. 30-3tp

TO LET—Front room for two gentlemen. 507 Donner avenue. 30-2tp

TO LET—Two rooms for light housekeeping. 507 Donner avenue. 30-2tp

TO LET—Two furnished rooms for light housekeeping. 244 Schoonmaker avenue. 30-3tp

FOR RENT—Two nicely furnished rooms for light housekeeping. 5th and Schoonmaker. 30-2tp

FOR SALE—White Reed baby carriage in first class condition. Call at 38 Rostraver street. 30-3tp

LOCAL NOTES

—Frank Soles was a caller in Charleroi last evening.

—Miss Helen Claybaugh of Sixth St. is the guest of friends in Philadelphia and Swathmore for a few weeks.

—Seven amusement tickets for 25 cents at Kennywood park, Saturday. So be sure to attend the Knights of Malta boat excursion. Fare $1.00 round trip. 30-tf

—Miss Bessie Dowler left today for Coal Center where she will spend a week's visit with friends and relatives.

—Mrs. J. C. Flack and son John of Donner avenue left today for Trafford City where they will visit Mrs. Flack's sister for several weeks.

—Get your tickets early for the Malta boat excursion Saturday and avoid the rush. Now on sale at Kirk's two drug stores and Craig's and Hirsch's pharmacies. 30-tf

—The Monessen Lodge of Elks has turned into the local Red Cross Chapter a donation of $140.00, which is a part of the proceeds from their Minstrel show.

—John Preston of Reed avenue, left this morning for Plattsburgh Camp, N. Y., where he will take training for assistant military instructor at Allegheny college.

—Mrs. John Petrusky, who is a patient at the Memorial hospital, Monongahela, where she underwent a serious operation, is getting along very nicely, but will not be able to return home for a few weeks yet.

—The refreshment privilege has been granted to the Malta boat excursion Saturday. Lunches and soft drinks for all who do not take baskets. 30-tf

—Soldiers' cards received by Monessen people today announced the safe arrival in France of Wm. D. Riley, James McKelvey and Paul Moran, all of whom are attached to Co. A, 57th Engineering corps.

—Special attraction at the Star theatre next Thursday, Friday and Saturday—Captain and Marie Lawrence in a spectacular American military-musical European war attraction. The only act of its kind in the world. Captain Lawrence is champion army trumpeter of the world and a trumpet soloist. 27-7t

—Mr. and Mrs. William Dudeck visited last evening with Mrs. James Powell, at the home of her sister, near Monongahela, where she has been for the past week. Mrs. Powel underwent a serious operation at the Monongahela hospital three weeks ago and when discharged from the hospital was taken to the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Bamford beyond Monongahela, where with the beautiful scenery and good fresh air there is hope for her recovery.

A Sunrise Wedding

An early morning wedding service was solemnized today, William J. Yoxall, of Bructon, Pa., and Miss Catherine Davies, of Monessen, being the contracting parties. Rev. W. S. Carson, pastor of the First Baptist church performed the ceremony at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Al Knight of Linden avenue. The bride and groom left on the 7:30 train this morning for Atlantic City, where the wedding trip will be spent. About August 1st they will be at home to friends at Bruceton, Pa.

Charged With Murder

Indiano, Pa., July 16.—Mrs. Nellie Mibloski, aged 30, of Luciousboro, this county, is in the county jail on a charge of murder, following the death of her six weeks old daughter on Sunday. It is alleged that while in an intoxicated condition the woman beat the child to keep it quiet.

Asked To Resign

Cambridge, O., July 16.—Because of his pro-German utterances in and out of his pulpit at the First Presbyterian church here, the resignation of the pastor, the Rev. S. S. Bergen, aged 28, asked unanimously by the official church session, was tendered. With his wife, the deposed pastor is said to be staying with relatives of Mrs. Bergen in Cleveland.

Shot While Making Arrest

Connellsville, July 16.—While attempting to arrest a man who had broken into a box car on the B. & O. siding near Rockwood, William C. Gelbach, a company officer, was shot just above the heart. He was taken to the U. S. hospital at Markleton, where his condition is considered very serious.

State police are assisting the Connellsville force in rounding up the members of the "curbstone brigade." Eleven arrests have been made in the last day or two.

Can Sleep Anywhere.

A soldier who enlisted and was sent to Houston was sent out to the trenches for training, and while on duty he was granted two hours' rest. He was allowed to sleep on the firing step of the trench, which, he said, is nine inches wide. He said when he comes back he will be able to sleep out on the window sill.

THE COWARD

By ALICE G. BROGAN.

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

Annie took the elevator to the tenth floor of the great department store. She had decided to have luncheon in the tea room, and continue her shopping afterward. And perhaps the reason for Annie's decision was a secret hope that Grant Robinson might happen to be there.

Often she had met him in previous days, when, after their tete-a-tete meal, they would wander happily away together for a matinee. Grant had stopped to buy violets for her then, and during enthralling moments in the softly shaded theater, when the music seemed almost to speak to them, he had bent very low to look into her eyes, but now—Annie sighed impatiently as she hurriedly searched the crowded tea room—now, all was different. She could hardly tell when the change had begun, but its origin in her mind had been the discovery that the man whom she had made an ideal, was but a coward after all.

"A chain is only as strong as its weakest link," and if Grant Robinson failed now in the crisis of his country, if he had, as he himself confessed, asked for exemption, what loyalty could be expected by the woman who gave herself into his care. Never in so many words had he told of his love for her. Annie knew—as all women know. The dependence of an invalid mother was excuse sufficient—if excuse were sought from service; but why had John, the elder and more successful brother, been permitted to go in Grant's place? Even as she listlessly read the menu the girl asked herself the question.

There could be no answer but a deliberate shirking of duty. Grant offered no explanation.

A broad figure blocked the sunlight from the window for a moment, and Annie looked up to see the object of her thought standing before her.

"This is a pleasant surprise," he said. His voice had its old winning charm; "may I join you?"

Coolly Annie nodded.

Keenly from beneath his brows the man studied her face; his own bore recent lines of weariness. Involuntarily her lip curled. "He was looking anxious," so friends had told her; "worried for fear of being forced into war."

She spoke crisply: "You applied for exemption?"

"Yes," Grant Robinson answered, "and received it. Mother is dependent."

"So John went," the girl burst out, "and you stayed at home."

The man sighed. "I stayed at home," he repeated quietly.

Then suddenly a white-aproned maid approached the table.

"Oh!" she cried, "do you see the people leaving. There is fire in the floor above; it is coming down fast; there will be crowds at the elevators, hurry!"

White-faced, she dashed away, and Annie with trembling knees turned to find the great room a babble of excited voices; tables were overturned as the throng rushed headlong toward the elevator gates.

Gaspingly, Annie put out her hands to the man at her side.

"Grant!" she breathed.

Calm and reassuringly he clasped the hands in his.

"The narrow stairway is already dangerously crowded," he said. "The one thing is to quietly wait our turn here. Courage, dearest."

Even in her terror, the word brought a sense of joy.

Hours passed, or could it be days and months as the elevator swung silently up and down on perilous journeys. Annie stood, her face buried on her lover's breast, until the guard cried sharply: "Three more." Then she raised her face. Grant and she were standing almost alone. Before them, a man with his frail little wife on his arm.

The man and Grant exchanged glances, saying plainly: "Our women first."

"Step in, Annie dear," directed her lover, and quickly she obeyed. The little wife frantically beckoned her husband; generously he turned to Grant; down an opposite wall crept a lapping tongue of flame. Then before Annie could realize what had happened, Grant Robinson had grasped the man by the shoulders, forcibly he had thrust him into the car, the door banged shut.

The man, the frail little wife and Annie were gazing dumbly upward to where her lover stood smiling. Behind him that threatening tongue of flame! But when, after agonized waiting, he came to her there in the roped-off street, his smoke-blackened face was uninjured, his true, tired eyes looked patiently into hers.

"Annie," he said, "you must believe that I am not—a coward. Because it touched me so deeply, I could not discuss even with you my request for exemption from service. One of us had to stay at home—my brother or me." He laughed shortly. "The blood of my soldier father runs in my veins. With his old gun in my arms I had vowed to protect—my country. Then—John came to me. If he remained at home it meant the annulment of his engagement. This was his sweetheart's unalterable decree. So," Grant paused eloquently, "I stayed, Annie. It was not an easy thing to do."

Then, there in the wet and crowded street, there with fire engines clanging close by, Annie raised her white face and tenderly kissed the man who was her hero.

Saving the Pink Cup.

Three-year-old Buddie had a passion for pink. His latest craving had been for a pink cup out of which to drink his milk. Indulgent auntie got such a cup for him, and he used it for days with great delight.

One morning, however, he was late for breakfast, and some one had used the "sacred" pink cup. Buddie said not a word; his silence was significant. Later when his mother was washing the dishes, he came close to her and murmured:

"Mother, jus put pink cup on top [illegible]

THE IMPOSTER

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

Rev. Robert Carvel read the letter, and gazed into the fire. Its appeal was pathetic enough and he had no idea of refusing, but the prospect of changing the well-arranged routine of his home, was unpleasing.

From his boyhood he had been sorry for the sister whose impulsive act had exiled her by a stern father's decree—from her family. "Love," had been Elizabeth's excuse, the fact of an elopement for love might have been overlooked by the strict old minister, but to desert her own for a travelling vaudeville singer, that was offense beyond pale of forgiveness. To others, the heralded name of Bryan McClure, might bring a memory of Irish songs sung with a haunting sweetness; to old Robert Carvel, the name spelled disgrace. And so Elizabeth had remained away and the heart of her schoolboy brother was filled with resentment.

"You will try to make it up to her," his mother had whispered at the last, and here, today, was his first chance of fulfilling that promise. During the years that he had been alone, Robert Carvel had been unable to learn news of his sister, Bryan McClure had disappeared leaving no trace. The appealing letter before him bore that name; Moira Bryan McClure, it was signed. So this was his sister's child. Her father was dead, she wrote, her dear mother had died long ago, and she wanted to come and live with him. "Not always," the girl added reassuringly, "just until you can help me to a start in life."

When he had answered the letter in a labored spirit of welcome, Rev. Robert went to conciliate his housekeeper. Mrs. Moffit disliked innovations.

Moira McClure replied promptly. "She would arrive at the parsonage upon the following evening."

Nervously apprehensive, the minister prepared to meet the incoming train; one must be lenient in one's expectations of a vaudeville singer's daughter. He fervently hoped that his sister's influence had predominated. His was a critical flock; the inmates of their pastor's home were expected to be above reproach. And even when Moira came toward him with her pretty smile, he was not convinced. There was in fact something dashingly out of the ordinary in her entire costume, in the unusual arrangement of her coal-black hair.

Safely ensconced before the study fire, the girl threw off her cloak; Robert stared in speechless dismay at the bright rose-colored frock.

"What is it?" asked Moira, troubled

"We dress more quietly here," he stammered.

She laughed, then answered, suddenly serious.

"I will please you; there is a gray dress in my trunk."

Thereafter she was studiously garbed in gray. Gray upon Moira seemed to acquire a festive air.

She had laughed aside his first suggestion of calling him "uncle."

"You are so much younger than I expected," she said, "I think I shall call you Robert."

Once, coming unexpectedly through a rear entrance, the sound of singing fell upon his ears. Mrs. Moffit held up a warning finger.

"The voice of that girl would coax the birds from the trees," she said, "but she is shy about your hearing."

As the last lilting note died away, Robert Carvel went in and stood looking down upon the gray-clad figure at the piano. His face grew white as the girl raised her own, wonderingly, then in a sudden overwhelming wave of tenderness, he bent and kissed her.

With a distressed cry, Moira jumped to her feet.

"You should not have done that," she murmured.

"But why not?" huskily questioned the minister. "You are—my sister's child."

Then Moira covered her face with her hands.

"I am not," she declared. "It has all been an acted lie. I so longed for a home, a real home and good friends. I expected to find you older, more like daddy, to make you happy, as I had made him. I loved your sister Elizabeth; she raised me. From a child I called her mother; I was three years old when she first saw me. My father was a widower." Moira smiled through her tears. "She used to tell me that she had fallen in love with me, as well as with my father. Oh! we were happy! Now, I will go away. I have been an imposter. Between you and me, there is not the slightest tie. I can sing," she added hurriedly, "and take care of myself. There is an offer waiting for me in Chicago. Bryan McClure's daughter will find welcome, they say." Impulsively Moira put out her hands.

"Good by. Will you forgive me?"

Robert Carvel took the trembling hands in a firm clasp, steadily his shining eyes met hers.

"Now," he said slowly, "I understand! Understand why I have stood outside in the darkness listening to hear you sing, why I have hurried through my daily duties in a very fever of joy at the knowledge that you would be here to greet me. It was love, Moira, love; and since that kiss a moment ago can you say again 'there is no tie between us?'" And after a long time the girl raised her radiant face from her lover's shoulder.

"May a person's wife [illegible] wear rose color?" asked Moira.

"My wife [illegible] her own dear self," Robert Carvel [illegible]

What's the use of Carrying a Complete Stock unless Folks Know what You've Got? ADVERTISE.

"Babbling Tongues"—Olympic theatre today.

This Service Is For You

You may not own a prest-o-lite battery but that does not prevent you from taking advantage of our battery service now.. Drive over today and you will get prompt courteous advice and assistance on your storage battery problems.

A battery, like a tire is bound to wear out, but the better the service and the crae given it, the longer it will live.

We carry a complete stock of new batteries and parts, with facilities for handling every battery need of the motorist repairing and recharging of all makes at reasonable prices.

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We have a Service Battery for you to use while yours is left with us for repair or recharging

BRING BACK HOME MEMORIES

Many Reasons Why Snapshots of Familiar Spots Are Dearly Prized by the Soldiers.

A piece of paper covered with black and white splotches—nothing more. But suppose those splotches have been painted by sunlight shining through a camera lens, and form a picture of a homestead, a familiar street or a mother's snowy hair, and face lined with the eloquent handwriting of the years—what would a soldier rather have from home than such souvenirs?

A snapshot of the house and barn; of the family sitting on the front steps; of father spading up the garden; of the old horse rubbing his nose along the pasture gate; of the dog wagging expectancy at the kitchen door; of the baby sprawling in the sand pile, or the older children squinting at the camera with the sun in their eyes—these are the scraps of paper which defy time and distance, a writer in the Boston Globe states. They assure men amid scenes of violence and death that the peaceful, sweet life they have left behind in order to defend still exists.

Now that the sweaters, stockings, wristlets, helmets, jam, tobacco, chocolate—and other creature comforts have been sent off, and brains are being cudgled for something else to send the boys at the front, do not disdain the humble snapshot—the amateur photograph that any one can take by pressing a spring; the little peep of home faces and home scenes that can be sent for overseas and taken out of a pocket at odd moments—who knows at how odd moments?—for a renewal of faith and hope and memories of home.

NOVELIST HAD HIS REVENGE

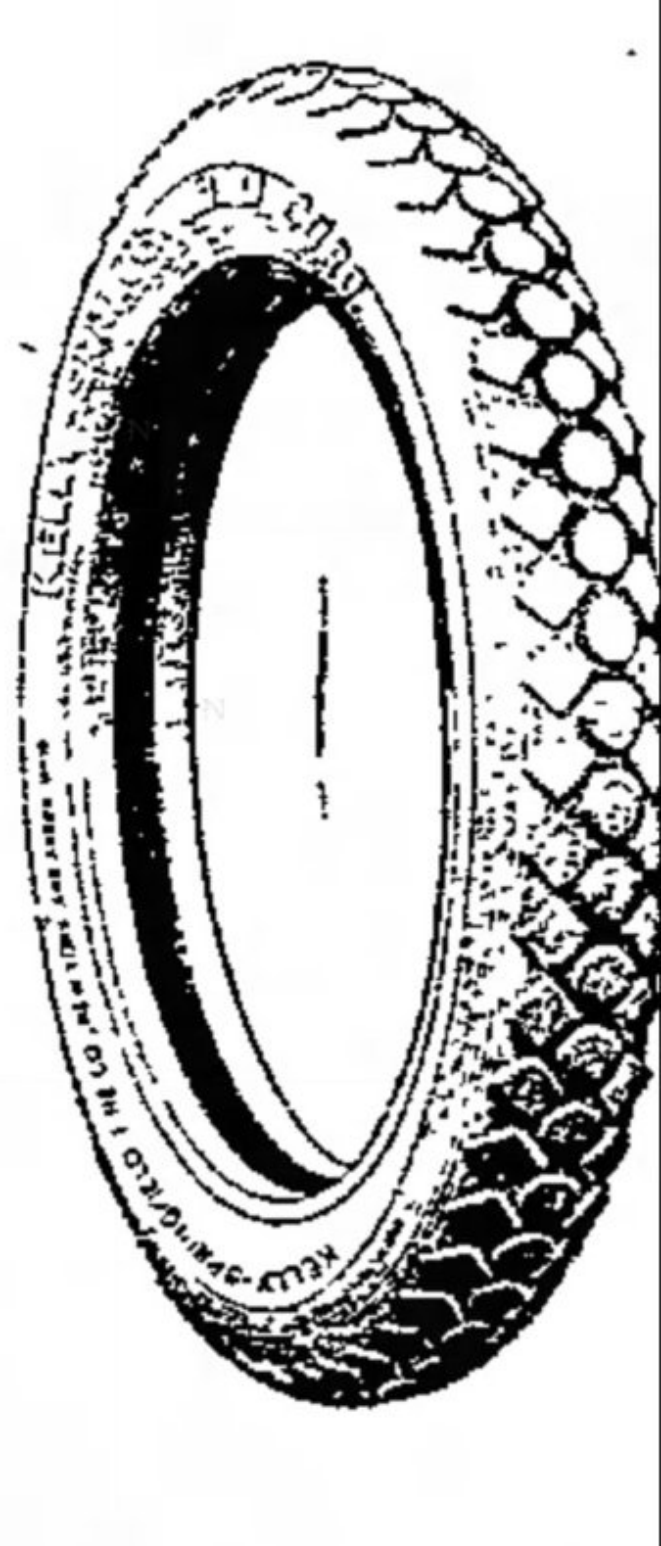
Dumas Worked With Subtlety, but Was Satisfied That It Would Be Thoroughly Complete.

When Alexandre Dumas, the French novelist, was a young man, he was grievously insulted by a man whom he had regarded as his friend.

Everyone expected him to punish the offender severely, but instead he began looking upon him with more consideration and apparent friendliness than he had ever shown before.

At length, three years later, when the erstwhile friend was to be married, the novelist was asked to serve as best man, and did so. When the ceremony was over and the guests were leaving someone remarked to Dumas: "I have often wondered at your kindness to this man. Surely yours is a remarkably forgiving nature, for although he insulted you grossly, you have assiduously studied his happiness ever since, and even assisted him in getting married."

"Quite right," answered Dumas. "I flatter myself that I have given the fellow the most furious and lynx-eyed mother-in-law to be found in France!"



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